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THE FOOL.

BY THOMAS BRAINLESS, ESQ. LL.D. JESTER TO HIS MAJESTY THE PUBLIC.

Salem, April 1, 1807.——No. 3.

Here shall the FOOL *himself proclaim,*
Unaw'd by truth, or fear of shame;
Here FOLLY *doth her precepts draw,*
Peag'd to a'l friends, but friends of law.

SUMMARY.

WE learn from the westward that BURR still continues to knot up the understandings of the watching patriots; and their wise heads are wonderfully perplexed by his inexplicable, treasonable, despotic and agricultural operations ——From Vermont we have the most pleasing accounts of the benign influence of the present national administration. The bank, in its operation, promises a more plentiful supply of real ideal money, than any establishment of its kind. The young men, and especially the young *ladies*, have *grown* with an astonishing rapidity, the last winter, notwithstanding severe frosts have overspread the country. The soil of that mountainous country still continues to be abundantly prolific. Should the green crop of voters ripen before the next election, we may expect a Governor in full consent with our happy national government. The thermometer, on the northern extremities of the green mountain, has, for some time past, been altogether influenced by heat and cold ——We are credibly informed that no confederacy between the whales of the south sea, and the bears of the arctic pole, will take place this season.

No consent of opinions has been announced respecting French operations on the continent; but all concur that BONAPARTE is really Emperor of France. The Ohio papers make no mention of an intended address to the President of the United States, by the Indians on the Red River.

Various and contradictory conjectures are in circulation respecting the object of the expeditions fitting out in the ports of *Marblehead* and *Beverly*. One confidently avers that an attack is contemplated on the inhabitants of *Grand Bank*; while another, with equal heat, asserts, it is to be directed against those of the *Isle of Sables*. Benevolent minds view, with regret, the sanguinary passions which instigate these predatory encroachments on an unoffending race, and look, with an ardent hope, to a peaceful administration, to put a stop to the effusion of the blood of beings that have an equal right to existence with ourselves.

Private letters from Boston, inform us that a plan of defence for its harbour is preparing to be presented to the General Court, the next session. The outlines of the plan are, that 50 pop-squirts shall be placed on the different prominences in said harbour, and a decoction of tobacco-juice, quantum sufficit for each squirt, to be provided. It is contended that a well directed charge of said juice will produce an almost instantaneous destruction of the powers of vision; and the opinions of judicious men, who have examined the matter, concur to warrant the apprehension, that an approaching enemy, meeting with the sudden loss of their eyes, would be as likely to retreat as advance. The friends of peace and our economical administration, will, we conceive, view with pleasure this plan, as it will enable us, by supplying the means of defence, at a cheap rate, from our own soil, to adhere, with more rigor, to our Non-Importation Act.

Letters from Washington confirm the report, that the treaty of Messrs. MONROE and PINKNEY, has been received by the President; that it is not altogether agreeable to him, and that he will or will not convene the senate to consider its provision.

CROSS READING.

Martial Law has been declared—in the Friends' Meeting-House in this town.

THE SAPIENT OYSTER.

The marvellous exercise of intellect, noble passions, dexterity and activity, which dignify the character and performances of this enlightened and accomplished "testaceous bivalve fish," laughs to scorn the pitiful expedient which the proprietors and partizans of more *foolish* beings are driven to, viz. proclaiming in the turgidity of tumid verbosity the fanciful and false-famed feats of their favorite phenomena. The superficial and momentary lustre by which these objects glitter in the eye of ignorance and credulity is transitory and evanescent, and like the "baseless fabric of a vision" is eternally annihilated, and its doom receives the broad seal of oblivion, when brought into competition with the plain, simple and unvarnished sketch of the SAPIENT OYSTER's performances, which have petrified with astonishment, *past, present* and *future* ages.

He dances two hornpipes at the same time in different parts of the hall, keeping exact time by alternately opening and shutting his shell.

He will tell any lady or gentleman the state of the weather, the hour of the day, the news, &c. &c.

He writes epigrams, songs, acrostics, &c. with great humour and accuracy, and in less time than a person can read them.

He goes through the manual exercise with a *king's arm*, and at the same time goes through all the broad sword guards.

He discovers the perpetual motion, squares the circle, and finds out the longitude, blindfolded.

He plays on 2 piano fortes, 4 organs and 50 dozen bassoons at the same time.

He carries on different manufactures on a great scale, and is able to supply the market at a cheaper rate than has been known since the war.

He raises ghosts, and after manœuvring them in the same manner that a military officer does his men—he eats them.

He wages war with Bonaparte, and beats him.

He makes speeches in Congress, and can vote on both sides of the question without rising from his seat.

It is considered a matter of admiration that *Philidor* was able to play 4 games of chess at once; but the sapient oyster will play at one and the same time, chess, draughts, backgammon, domino, *props*, all fours, loo, piquet, quadrille, vingt-un, whist, and all other games at cards, also tennis, cricket, billiards, &c. &c. blind-folded and handcuffed, and beats his antagonists.

In addition to which, he sweeps chimnies, runs of errands, fights duels, practises law, laughs in his sleeve, writes down the administration, turns federalists out of office, gets into cold beds for folks, robs the mail, criticises new publications, takes violent sweats, straitens rainbows, swallows red hot icicles, moderates caucusses, gives lessons in pugilism and the universal language, borrows nine-pences, digs graves, tunes the music of the spheres, counterfeits bank notes, administers upon estates, performs voyages, tells fortunes, shoots himself, hatches duck's eggs, makes insurance, marries widows, walks in his sleep, makes new-styles, revolutionizes nations and cuts his own fodder, looks gift horses in the mouth, shaves for a penny, invents conundram-mills, and many other feats too numerous to mention in a bill.

Price of admission for men, women and children, 1 *dollar*. *Baboons, apes, ourang-outangs, &c.* 50 *cents*. *Quadrupeds generally*, 25 *cents*. *Phœnixes, per pair*, 12 *cents*. *Prairie dogs and horned frogs*, 6 *cents*. FOOLS, *gratis*.

MR. BRAINLESS,

Passing through *Witch-Town* the other day when the citizens were assembled to consider the expediency of building a brick office for the register of deeds, I had the curiosity to enter the hall, expecting to hear a grand display of eloquence. The first words that caught my ear, were, "Mr. Moderator, I have know'*d* several instances of *fire-proof* buildings taking *fire*, and burning up, with all their valuable contents," &c. I asked if the speaker were an "exile of Erin," and was informed that he was not, but the descendant of a high German Dutch doctor. *Yours*,

SOLOMON STRAIT-JACKET.

At a democratic caucus lately holden in *Monkey Hall*, a junior bank-directorial member of the Casparian family, who is famous for his violent gabbling, exclaimed, "—the republicans must on this occasion make every exertion, strain every nerve, leave no stone unturned; they must be every where, *up stairs, down stairs, in my lady's chamber*"———"*Goosy Goosy Gander!*" cried a boy, from one corner, to the no small embarrassment of the orator, and his gosling followers.

WANTED,

A capable, persevering young man, who is quick with his pen, has a vivid imagination, and who can tell bloody tough stories, to manufacture certificates of cures performed by the Fire and Brimstone Cordial. *Apply to* Dr. Botherum Smokum,

At the sign of the Cathartic and Soot-Bag,
No. 1, *Fool's Lane.*

N.B.—Good wages, regularly paid in Vermont State Bills.

MR. BRAINLESS,

I was much pleased to see, in your last, a *recipe* for the promotion of Federalism; if you think the following equally efficacious, please to give it a place in your next.

"In every case put forward a man, who from his uniform non-exertion shall throw cold water upon every attempt to excite the flame of federal patriotism; and such as makes it problematical on which side he ranges. Thus shall your *moderation* be known to all men."

A gentleman was once comparing the beauty of his three sisters. As for you, said he to the eldest, I think your *nose* the handsomest; and your *chin*, to the second. But, added he to the youngest, whose nose and chin were lovingly imitating a nutcracker, *putting them together*, I think you excel them both.

Some self styled critics, mistaking the character of a "Fool," complain that we are not *methodical*. To such we only reply with a ☞

Others complain of the price, which our agent has set on our numbers. To these ☞ ☞

The Ode for *All Fool's Day*, written by Henry James Pudding, Esq. Poet Laureat to his Majesty the People, is unfortunately mislaid; should it be found again, or if the author will furnish us with another copy, we shall be happy to insert it in our next.—*Accident has made* APRIL FOOLS *of us all.*

In our first page we give a Summary, prepared for us by a friend, instead of the extracts from Brother Bentley's, which we intended for this number. The author seems to be no bad proficient in summary writing, and may one day equal his great master.

We have several valuable communications in type.

We have received several others from——*fools.*

How to manufacture Toasts *for a democratic celebration.*

1—Pick out of the alphabet (if you have a spelling book or primer at hand) the following letters:

T, *H*, O, M, A, S, J, E, F, F, E, R, S, O, N.

This will answer for the *first.*

2—For the *second*, proceed in the same manner.

3—For the *third*, ditto ditto ditto.

4—The *fourth* must be like the third.

5—Persevere, without any change.

6—Ditto, without alteration.

7—Ditto, without variation.

8—Ditto, without mutation.

By this time you are nearly half through your work; and in order to be consistent and uniform, the other half must be like the first.—Then if you want *seventeenth*, the name of Thomas Jefferson will answer your purpose.

☞ The above we call *toasting* a man; we shall teach how to *roast* him in our next.

PUN.

A wit, returning from the common, in Boston, not a little mortified at the hoax put upon the public by Packard, who had gulled the credulous by advertising to fly in the air, was jocosely asked by a quiz, if he had seen the man fly. "No, (said he) I saw a *horse-fly.*"

POETRY.

MR. BRAINLESS,

The following fragments of a paraphrase of Mr. Addison's CATO, *came into my possession—no matter how. If you think their classical purity, and poetical charms, entitle them to a place in your paper, you are welcome to them. The world has to regret that the remainder is not to be found.*

ANTIC QUEER ONE.

CATO.—ACT. I.—SCENE 1st.

Portius Marcus.

PORTIUS.

THIS morn the sky is red, last night 'twas grey—
A sign of dirty weather, so they say;
A bustling day: it makes me very sad
To think of country's fate, and that of dad.
If at this juncture the "o'd man" should pop off,
His death would every branch of virtue lop off.
Already has this blust'ring bully, Cæsar,
For mother earth so anxious, sought to ease her
Of half her 'habitants; and should his sword
Not lose its appetite, upon my word,
'Twould be oblig'd to starve upon the shelf,
Or, worse than cannibal, must gnaw itself.
Ye gods, this sorry trade, they call ambition,
Puts all us honest lads in sad condition.

Marcus. 'Tis strange how you your temper, *Por*, can keep,
And let your anger and resentment sleep
By means of what Philosophy you call!
Damn me, it makes me boil, blood, guts and gall,
To think this "cat and rat and dog to boot"
Should trample thus all virtue under foot.
Now every time I hear his hated name,
I see Pharsalia—or what's much the same,
I think I see it; and this ragamuffin
Swimming his horse in blood', blowing and puffing,
Kicking poor Romans' brains about, with which
He oils his horses hoofs! Son of a bitch!
Won't heaven send an earthquake, plague or lightning,
If not to kill him quite, at least to fright him?

Exit.

CATO.—ACT I.—SCENE 5th.

Juba. Marcia. Lucia.

Juba. O charmy little maid, how you eye shine,
You make de day, when dark like skin of mine.
When you go way, my stomach very sad,
When you come back, he jump about so glad,
'Spose Massa Cæsar come, why, I no care.

Marcia. Hold, blacky, hold; indeed I couldn't bear
To think that I, you're pleas'd to call a beauty,
Should make you negligent, and quit your duty,
While Cæsar, that blood-thirsty scamp, is near.
He leaves us nought to hope, and all to fear.

Juba. O Marcy, dear good-nature little she,
Suppose me go to fight, you tink o' me,
Dat maky me so bold and stout and strong,
I killy dibbel—den dat make a song.

Marcia. I, if you'll fight for father, wish you well,
But if you don't, I hope you'll go to h—!

Juba. Suppose you care for *Jube*, I tell you what;
You see my skin now black jus like e blot,
I try to be so much like Cato, I know
Bumbye I be a white, at least albino.

Marcia. My father us'd, when he had work to do,
To do it, and not stop to talk like you.

Juba. You putty jade, I lub to hear you scoll;
I go and make my troop march up so boll,
Tell um to look at Cato, be like him:
Den when de bloody action come, bim! bim!
De great gun make de tunder in the battle,
De drum go rub-a-dub, de small arm rattle,
De horses fright, de smoke and bullet fly,
Some men he hollow, and some men he cry,
And now de arm shoot off, and den he head,
De blood so tick he maky negar red,
I get on post and say, "*Who care for dis?*"
When I get home you gimme putty kiss.

Exit.

☞ TO SOMEBODY.

"*Scrub.*—And I guess they were talking about *me*, for they *laughed* confoundedly."

[*Beaux' Stratagem.*

☞ The following is a solution of the problem in our last, solved by a *fool*.